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10 Nov 38. What happened was that a Polish Jew, Hershall Greenspan?, shot from Rad? in Paris, the German Embassy, and that was when the Kristallnacht happened, but the Nazis were prepared, that was just an opportunity that presented itself, because it was all organised, there was a knock on the door, and 2 men barged in and the 4 of us, with our landlady, an old Jewish lady, had to get out right away, we couldn't take any luggage with us, or extra clothing, and they sealed the apartment, and we took a taxi, I had to pay for the taxi and they took us to the police station, they released us pretty soon except father, father had to stay all night and with other men they made them do exercises, and they came out in the morning. We couldn't go back to our apartment, and all our belongings were there. So we went to some friends, I don't remember how we found them, and we all slept on the floor, it was nice of them to take us in. I think their name was Streusler, I believe it was the editor or publisher of Neue Freie Presse at the time. They were converted Jews, they were Christians, but that didn't help them very much, because 2 or 3 generations back, the Nazis checked, if you are to be a member of the Partei, and you are only 1 eighth Jewish, that spoiled the whole thing. And Herr and Frau Stern were also there, who used to operate that farm by the railway in Bad Tatzmannsdorf, and when we found out about this colonisation in Argentina, we needed 90 English pounds for the 2 families which we didn't have, so we asked our relatives in Hungary and they were reluctant because it could get them into trouble, but they finally gave in and transferred the money, and at that time it was about 4\$ to the pound, of course in those days the money was worth a lot more. And of course he was a swindler, we never got to Argentina, but we sent our luggage and this is where father noted down the luggage we sent. 4 Kisten, 1 Holzkoffer, 530 kilo Francobord, Buenos Aires, zu meiner Verfügung aufgegeben, am 29 Dez 38, durch die Firma Gerossibin? 3 Bezirk, Beatrixgasse 26. 35 kilo, he made lists of shovels and things. He called himself a farmer und Kaufmann, well he knew about farming because he was born on a farm, but he wasn't really a farmer, but the Sterns, they were actually farmers. So we, or our relatives lost 90 English pounds. Years later, somebody told me, from Buenos Aires, I don't remember who it was, that they saw our boxes at the dock, all fallen apart in the rain, so we got swindled. I'm sure a lot of that went on in those days.

(Spricht über Notizen)

That happened to all the Jews, we had to give all the gold and jewels and everything. Here's the "Heimatschein", they made us stateless. Here's the Fremdenpass, the Heimatschein with numbers abgegeben, 1938. That's another thing, you think you're a citizen of a country and suddenly you're made stateless, a nobody, somebody who has no real home. Here's some of the names and amounts that our neighbours owed us, most are Hungarian names, Kaiser, Fleck, Miklosh?, orders in Reichsmarks, anyway we never got that money. Father was a very conscientious person, a very proper man, he paid our suppliers the last Groschen,, the last Pfennig, he didn't want to owe any money and he didn't. He was very strict about that. He could have got away without paying, they took away our business, but he did pay. Arman Kloppenheck? was one of the people that arisiert our store. Arman was amongst them, and then the others. Redet über Fotos und Unterlagen. Now we finally got to travel to Shanghai. The Nazis passed a law where everybody who was not on an approved list had the name Israel, and Sara for the women. It says here "Annahme des Zusatznamens Israel angezeigt, 29 Juni, 39", so I became Joseph Paul Israel, which was not enough, in Bolivia I had to even add my mother's maiden name. So this passport was good for one year, we still used it after it had expired because in the Latin countries they couldn't read the German, they didn't understand it and I just used this expired passport over and over. Here are some different stamps, from Germany with the Hakenkreuz, and harbour police, Colombo, which is now Sri Lanka, here's a Chinese stamp, not necessarily chronological, Consulado.....de Bolivia? in Sansisco, it's a kind of chronicle of someone's life, some Italian stamps, Columbia, Peru. We sort of hopped in small planes from country to country to finally get to Bolivia. Italy is popular at the very end. Anyway that's my wonderful "Fremdenpass. So we had a Gestapo man who was nice to us, you wouldn't really think of him as one of those brutes, animals, this man was probably thinking, here is a family who hadn't done anybody any harm, why are we treating them so badly. They took away our business and money and gold, we didn't have that much, but then the Gestapo man came and gave us the money for the ships tickets to travel to Shanghai. It was at the consulates that we had had no luck, nobody would let us in. But about 20 000 of us ended up in Shanghai because it was the only place where they didn't require a visa, only the ship tickets, so we went on the train, and as we got close to the Brenner Pass, got very nervous. Father had, I think it was 2 Mariatheresientaler in the heel of his shoe. In those days they didn't have metal detectors, it was still a very risky thing to do, the Nazi soldiers and inspectors came, but once we'd passed into Italy, we breathed a sigh of relief. The "Loiteristino"? was a shipping company that had 4 ships: "Conti Verti,

Conti Rosso, et Conti Bianca Mano"? You speak Italian with your hands. They travelled out of Trieste . Those were SS steam ships, ours was MS motorship Victoria, it was a little smaller and sailed out of Genova. On the train going to Genova, we met an Austrian gentleman who had just come back from China. I told him very proudly, that I had learned to drive, I went to a driving class, Fahrschule Fischl, in Vienna. At the time when they changed from left to right when the Germans came over, in Corinthia, when I was there, half of Corinthia drove on the left and half on the right, that's typically Austrian, must be very confusing. Now everybody drives on the right. So I told him, I was very proud, 17 years old, that I was going to drive in Shanghai. In Shanghai foreigners don't drive. That's a loss of face. He was in the consular service in Shanghai, a very nice gentleman. That was very disappointing to me. Most of the refugees were completely unprepared. Nobody told us what would be useful to know. In Genova we went to a hotel, I remember the mattresses were very high, and it was very hot. This was in July 39. We were only allowed to take 10 Reichsmark per person, and it was stolen, a pickpocket, not the first time, the next time in Shanghai he again was the victim of a pickpocket. So got aboard this Victoria, and for us living in the country and our vacations had always been very simple things you know at the grandparents, except in Budapest. It was wonderful, Italian food, friendly waiters, we had a wonderful time, we really enjoyed ourselves. There were many exotic people on this ship. Hindus going back to India, many Philipinos, and others, and of course many refugees, mostly refugees. And I started to learn a little bit of English, listening. I met a very nice photographer, his name was Jia Cardri?, from India, who later on turned up in the Untied States and I met him again under different circumstances. Doctor Perfector Minosa, physician, surgeon, University of St. Thomas, Manila, Philipines, he was small, the Philipinos are mostly short, he sort of got infatuated with my sister, who was still a kid, and he wanted to marry her. He'd just come from Vienna, he'd studied to be an eye doctor. Doctor Perfector is a very popular name. He got friendly with us, and when we came to Manila he treated us very nicely. The ship sailed out of Genova, it went out through the Suez Canal, I remember the twin towers and there were sand dunes on both sides. It was a very hot July, in Arden, at the southern tip of the Arabian peninsula, it was like hell, red rocks, no trees, very hot, they didn't let us on shore. At the next stop in Bombay again, the refugees could not go on shore. I remember the hover police, red and blue uniforms, and they carried umbrellas like rifles, marching up and down. Then came Singapore, and there we could go ashore. I met a Mr Mayhare who was from the Arabian consulate, and he asked me if I wanted to go ashore and I said yes. So I had my first rickshaw ride. The two of us sat in the rickshaw, it was very hot, Singapore is near to the equator, and I felt so sorry for that poor man, the sweat running down his back, dragging two people. Rickshaws were forbidden later on in China. They still had them in India. They will be forbidden now, now they have petty cabs, which are not that easy to do, but the rickshaws, that was a livelihood for the poor coolies, and was another way of making a living. So we went all the way to the famous Rassels Hotel and back again to the ship, and on the next day afterwards we were in Manila. When we came aboard there were American soldiers with us, smoking with their hats, because the Philippines was US territory. Dr Minosa treated us to a taxi ride to the city of Manila which was very beautiful, especially the Japanese business district, very modern. Of course later on the Japanese destroyed Manila, during the war. He even drove us out into the country, to the sea, and he just wanted very much to marry my sister, and he said he would give the whole family something, but we didn't go for that. My father didn't go for that. Fotokommentar, redet über Listen. From Holland there was an aids society called „Gildemeister“? that came to help the Jews, and there were other organisations that wanted to try to help us. Fotokommentar. The ship went on to Hong Kong, where again they didn't let us ashore, and then we came to Shanghai, and we arrived on the 7th August 1938, one day before my sister's 16th birthday. It's easy to remember and we came to this country on March 17th in 52, which was one day after my 30th birthday, so those dates stick in the mind. We were unloaded from the ship with our few suitcases and then we had to pass custom inspection, and the Chinese official and asked us where we were going and we had no idea, didn't really even understand him, well I understood him, he said "are you staying here?". So then the Hilfskommittee came and put us on trucks and drove us to one of the homes, in Hongkiu?. Shanghai in those days consisted of an international settlement where everything was run by the British, British style, British customs, health department, police. In the French concession, that was in the French administration, there were mostly Russians working there, but some of the upper officers were French. Hongkiu was beyond the Garden Bridge, the Wongpu River was separated through it, and that was a part that had been destroyed in the war of 1937 when the Japanese had occupied Manjuria and defeated the Chinese. The Japanese up to that point had won every war, except the last one you know, the last one they lost. When we came to Hongkui, there were bricks and rubble in the streets, and then slowly the immigrants built it up in the 8 years, we became quite a community. We were sent to the Kintai? home which was a school. It was a good solid brick building, which was good for us, but some of the younger refugees were sent into much less comfortable homes. There were many homes, all named after the roads. They put us into 3 different rooms, the classrooms, so about 50 to a room. Parents in one room, myself and my sister in different rooms, so for about the first 14 months we lived

like that, separated, but it was better to be free, so we were grateful to both the Chinese and the Japanese military for letting us in without a visa, which is something that no other country did, including the United States,? the Austrian thought it was very small. In Shanghai, I was a young man, I was 17, I found the whole thing an adventure, it was strange country with a different climate, with many diseases, in fact my sister and I got amoebic dysentery very soon after our arrival, which is almost like cholera where you can't keep any food down. You have to disinfect all the fruits and vegetables, never drink the water without boiling it, don't step on the floor with bare feet. There was Typhoid, Cholera and many other diseases about. I had a very bad case, I was told that I was near death. For 4 weeks I was kept in an isolation hospital and the only thing they could give me was "Tierkohle", animal charcoal to stop the flow. I couldn't even go to the toilet and I had a bucket and I was very embarrassed, because there were about 20 people in that room. So I had a bucket by my bed and I was a very sick boy and towards the end I got better and they allowed me to take the pulse of all the other patients. At that time, I'll show you a list of about 20 different jobs that I had, we grabbed whatever we could, but for the older people, father, he was 48, he became very despondent, he felt very useless. For about 2/3/4 years there was nothing for him to do. He finally got a job in a pharmacy as a helper. My sister got a job right away, a young girl of 16, in a café with Bached Süßmann?. Bached Süßmann was right near the Kintia? home where we lived. We were fed by this home, the Waltrudheim?, you see this big soup kettle, you see the man with the Lederhosen, these are Austrians and Germans, these were the refugees. That's how they fed us, with a soup kitchen, they didn't have any money. The money came from American Jews, from the tropic, people who saved our lives, we wouldn't have survived otherwise. Even during the war with Japan, they managed to get money through Japanese lines to support us. I will show you the list of the things I did in Shanghai. I'll just pick out some of the more interesting ones. electrician, leather factory. The leather factory was a tannery and I had to carry wet cow hides on my shoulder to be tanned, which was very heavy and dangerous, risky work. My pants always had holes from the sulphuric acid, so it was not a pleasant job. We grabbed whatever was offered, there were thousands of us, and not really many jobs. During the entire 8 years I never made enough money, nor did any of the others, to really amount to anything, to be able to buy something. So it was just to be doing something. I had to be recommended and guarantee that I wouldn't run away with the lousy paper. So they gave me a handful of the Gelbe Post, we had several publications, and it was selling for 10 cents, and of that I was to keep 4 cents each. So they sent me to the Bond, the most famous street in Shanghai, a beautiful curved street, with wonderful buildings, very imposing, whenever one sees a picture of Shanghai, one sees the Bond. They sent me to the corner of Nanking Road, where the Cathay Hotel stood on one corner. There I stood, it was November so it was very cold, the Shanghai winters are brutal, it's subtropical, of course in the summer it gets very hot. With my hat and my overcoat, and there I stood on the corner, it was very busy, Shanghai at that time had about 4 million people, maybe more, no I think it was 12 million people. So the side walks in the streets were crowded, there were just masses of humanity. There I stood, it was noisy, and I called "Gelbe Post", I was probably a very pathetic figure, and some refugee came up and said you have to speak up, "Gelbe Post". It was so cold and windy on that corner that I got an infection, I didn't stay long, I sold maybe 2 or 3 papers. I had to have a tooth pulled, I got very sick, and that was the end of my career in the newspaper business. And then I got lucky, Rabinowitch. A Russian Jewish Architect, there were many white Russians who escaped the communists, in 1917 and thereafter, white Russians who have come down by way of Harbin?, Anjuria?, and some stayed there in Shanghai. He had about half a dozen Chinese draughtsmen. He was quite a well known architect, who designed the Shanghai Power Company, and he sent a note to the Jewish committee to send for somebody from.....he was Jewish so he wanted somebody Jewish?. The Chinese were OK, but he wanted somebody who was a bit closer to his own tradition, so they sent me. My English wasn't all that good yet, so he asked me, this was in a French concession, a French town, Rue a Bere, named after the Belgian king. Lived in a fancier apartment complex. He was a short man with stick fingers, but he could draw, he was very skilled. He asked me about some experience, and I said no, but I have a talent. He said you have a what, "talent for drawing" I tried to say, but he hired me anyway. Let me tell you, I became a draughtsman as if I'd gone to school, which I'd never learned. I'd learned a little in Vienna, but that was mechanical, this was building. I knew nothing, but by watching the Chinese draughtsmen, they gave me a desk, with a stool, and in the end, when I'd done enough studying, by working there, my drawings were good enough to be submitted to the building department in the French concession, just like anybody else. I have copies, I didn't bring any, but I have blueprints at home of perspective drawings. I had to do detailed drawings for? and plumbing and all that, views from different angles. I went to a? later on in this country, for a job, knew the plumber, no chance, so it didn't help me. That's about the only thing that I really learned where I could say I was really good at it. In this list, the name of Rabinowitch appears 3 or 4 times because when the war came, everything stopped, but then he hired me again. Then I had the job in Markus Caffeine?Factory. Caffeine, the white crystals were made, there anyway, out of tea dust, or powdered tea, again I only

got the job because somebody recommended me. You couldn't just walk in a say, I'm looking for..., somebody had to sponsor you. So that job consisted of carrying big bags of tea on your shoulder up a straight ladder and then dump it into a drum, 55 gallon drum, and then stir it for exactly half an hour, and the end product was then caffeine crystals. One day I went down to tie my shoelace, and one of the guys, the superiors, all Jews but from Germany, said "das sollen Sie zu Hause machen", they were just like the Nazis, I mean the German Jews were "Päpstlicher als der Papst". If it hadn't been for Hitler and anti-semitism, they would have fathered the forefront. You know there were hundreds of German generals that were part Jewish/all Jewish and Göring said I will decide who is a Jew. Heinrich Heine, the best form Jew, I don't know what the Nazis did about him, they arisiert certain people, but anyway here I am preaching like a preacher. That was the caffeine factory, it was very cold in the winter and the pay for one day was enough for one loaf for my lunch, that's all they paid. They didn't have to. Well now China Fibre Container that was more or less a real job, it was a paper factory. That was Japanese controlled, it was partly Hungarian owned, and since my father is Hungarian, he got a job, and then he got me a job there.

(Spricht über China) Fibre Container Certificate of employment . Godown? means warehouse. In China they speak pigeon English, and in Shanghai the warehouses, the storehouses Godown?, which means to put down. What was my job?, the first task they gave me was to pick up bales of waste paper, which was hot and smelly, and to grab them to my chest, lift them up, they were heavy, and put them on the table, a long table, and either side there were Chinese women sitting and sorting out the waste paper (in China nothing is wasted because it's such a poor country in those days), and sort it out into different types of paper. I did that for a while, it was a horrible job, really unpleasant. After that they brought us to Godown?, which is a warehouse, where I had 4 coolies under me, and all I did is just supervise these coolies. They had big bales of different types of paper, craft paper from Sweden and other types of raw material, "illuminum", etc. I learned about the manufacture of paper, so it was interesting.

...it is militarily controlled, you see, the oriental character...China (???)¹ Company to concern this certifies Joseph Paul Weber employed "Godown"² help 43 bis 44³. "Godown" means "warehouse". In China, they speak Pidgin English, and in Shanghai, the warehouses, the storehouses are called "Godown", which means "to put down". If you want this different (???)⁴, I got...⁵ What was my job? My job was...well, let me talk about my job. The first task they gave me was to pick up bails of waste paper, which was hot and smelly. I had to grab them to my chest, lift them up, they were heavy, and put them on the table. A long table, on either side there were Chinese women sitting and sorting out the waste paper. In China, nothing was wasted, it was such a poor country in those days. And they soted out, you know, the different types of paper. It did that for a while, it was a horrible job, really unpleasant. And after that, I went to a Godown, which is a warehouse. I had four kulis under me, and all I did was just supervise these kulis. They had bails, big bails of different types of paper, craft paper from Sweden, and other types of raw material, aluminium, *und so weiter*. Which is...I learned about the manufacturing, how paper is done, you know, so that was interesting. The craft balis, which weighed about 400 pounds – we had what we called "heavy kulis". Heavy kulis were short kulis with big muscles. I lifted up a big bail on my shoulder, which was quite heavy, but they had stacks and stacks of these papers. Now, when these bails of craft paper from Sweden – you could hardly tear it, very strong fibre – were shipped from Sweden, they were held with four strong wires, about the size of my finger, strong wires. And at each stop, when they were unloaded, one wired was clipped and it simply was stolen. And by the time they came to me, to our warehouse, there were only one or two wires left. In Shanghai, in China, everything was converted and remanufactured, so they clipped the wire. And one day, one of my kulis brought me some money, and I didn't wanna take it, but he insisted. I spoke Chinese pretty well by then, and he just kept insisting, and I finally gave in, because if I hadn't, they would have found a way to get rid of me. Not kill me, but find a way to complain or something, so that I would have been fired. Because in China, corruption and greasing of palms was a way of life. That's just how the way...it operates. So I took the money, and they came again (???)⁶, and they distributed it. There were other instances of that, so I don't wanna dwell too much, but you get the picture. By the way,

¹ Wort leider nicht verstanden, Anm. AP

² Wort nicht sicher verstanden, Anm. AP

³ Im englischen Teil des Interviews sind die kurzen deutschen Sätze in *kursiver Schrift* gesetzt; Anm. AP

⁴ Wort leider nicht verstanden, Anm. AP

⁵ leider nicht verstanden, Anm. AP

⁶ Wort nicht verstanden, Anm. AP

there was inflation and the money lost its value, so finally we carried around gunny⁷ sacks of worthless paper, you know, just like in Germany after World War One. You had to run fast in the morning, because hour later the money was...so that was my experience. But I have this here, here is an article called "defendant ejected from court", this was in the "North China Daily News", the biggest English paper in North China. And what happened is, when I worked for the architect, I...my boss sent me the witness. There was a Russian woman, who rented an apartment from a Jewish landlord, Rufus Liking⁸. And she had been married to a British...the British policemen and other agents, they...but anyway, they were lonesome for women. See, they travel to the east to have a career, India especially, and so many of these Russian women, many were prostitutes. They married, so they became British subjects. So this woman, even though she was a Russian, she got into the British Consulate Court, so I went to the court. And the judge there had a wig, you know, a real proper...the British Consulate, which was also in the Bond, there was a witness. So the woman became anti-semitic, she started yelling "I'll kill the Jew (???)⁹ who rubbed the judge!", they called the bailiff¹⁰ and threw her out. And there was only one reporter there, no other witnesses, and I witnessed the "defendant ejected from court", that's how I got my name in there. Some of the story it in the dark, but it is there, but that's how I became...went to the British court and got my name into the big newspaper. In Shanghai, life was hard for the refugees, because everything was so different, the climate and the food, the living conditions and all the noise. The (???)¹¹ ...was a way of life, and the poor devils didn't live long. They died very young, because that kind of work is very hard. Our mother cooked on a little stove with coal *Briketts*, leaning down and fanning the fan. After the fourteenth month, we got our own room. While we were in the Kinshu¹² Home, we slept on double things like that. And there were only people up to my age, I was seventeen, and over 50. The ones in between were sent to another camp, Ping-Liang-Heim. There were rats, big rats and it was flooded and primitive. Our building was at least a proper building, but in the fourteen months, my only privacy, the only room that I had for me, was half the space under the bed. The other half belonged to this other guy, a mean old bastard who...so for fourteen months, that was my life, you know. I just dismissed it, because I was young, but imagine over a year you don't have a closet or door or something, just...well, you get the picture. My parents and my sister were the same. So then the committee gave us a room, we got our own room, which was wonderful, even though it had no window. It was just a room about this size, and the forecourt had been covered over, it was all glass, and that was where I slept, because water dripped in there. My parents and my sister slept in the one room, and mother had to go outside because of the fumes to cook our lunch. While we were in the Kinshu Home, mother worked in a children's kitchen, and she brought home some scrambled eggs for my sister and myself, so because the food...we didn't get that much, and I was always hungry, nightsoil. You know what nightsoil is? It's...well, I'll tell you what it is, it is what you go to the toilet for. In China, in Shanghai, people going to work or...they would just hunker down and (???)¹³ leave their faeces, their droppings. And soon another kuli would come by with a bamboo rod and two buckets and scoop it up. And that was fertilizer, and a very strong fertilizer, that means that all the radices and tomatoes really had typhoid built in. So when you ate that kind of food, you really had cholera and so. So this was a different lifestyle. Out in the country they had big basins for nightsoil. The farmers would go and...that's not a pleasant subject, but that's the reality of life. It was such a poor country, they only had two meals, a little tea and a little rice, we were starving. Because many were opium addicts, you could see them, they were skinny, just bones. There was a big jail right where we lived, and one day the doors, the big doors opened...they were guarded by Hindu Sikhs, you know those tall guys with the turbans. They were very popular as nightwatch men and in the police department. And a guy came out, a Chinese, and he had those...you know, just bones, shivering. He went up to the tree, there were some trees, and he started chewing at the tree bark, he was that hungry. And I saw many dead people. In the wintertime, there were stacks of dead with the sign, or tag on the big toe. And the Jews brought him out, and in the morning it would be picked up by a truck. And babies were abandoned often. They couldn't feed them, so they wrapped the babies and put them into some place, and then those babies... Then, with the Communists, they passed a law that you could have only one child, so...they always wanted boys, you know? And the boys, they were small, they were made up to be like girls, with rouge, girl's clothes, so that the evil spirits wouldn't take them, you know? And their streets were crooked, and they had little mirrors, because evil spirits travel

⁷ Wort nicht sicher verstanden, Anm. AP

⁸ Namen nicht sicher verstanden, Anm. AP

⁹ Wort nicht verstanden, Anm. AP

¹⁰ **bailiff** – (engl.) Gerichtsdienner

¹¹ Satz nicht verstanden, Anm. AP

¹² Wort nicht sicher verstanden, Anm. AP

¹³ leider nicht verstanden, Anm. AP

in a straight line, so the mirrors would confuse them. Much superstition, but it was interesting, you know, to learn about this culture, along with the language. So one of the jobs I got was in a German candy factory...I called it "fancy buttons", okay, it was hard work. Fancy button painted little buttons with dukoy¹⁴, what you use for cars, makes you sick when you breathe it in, I didn't last very long. But the Hollywood (???)¹⁵ factory was very interesting, 44-45, yeah I was there, not quite a year. They made peanut butter by grinding the peanuts through a grinder, and then...now this goes back to the Stone Age, thousands of years, the method I mean. It was two brothers Rosental from Germany, that established this German candy factory, and I was employed, again by being recommended. And there was about half a dozen of other young guys, and sometimes it was very hot. There was this really big grindstone, so that it took two of us to grind the peanut into peanut butter. To make *Marzipan* was even more difficult. That's half sugar and half almonds, and to make *Marzipan*, you have to make a paste mixed with water, and they put it in a big copper kettle, and you stir it until the more the water evaporates, the faster you have to go, so at the end, there is not much water left, and in the heat, we had to (???)¹⁶ each other every few minutes. You know, we didn't last...the young guys. So, we had other things there, and we all stole, you know, peanut butter, because we were all so hungry, you know. Then they even made...they hired a couple of pastry chefs, so they made some cakes. And they guaranteed, that the people at the restaurant, who had some cakes left over they didn't sell, they took them back. They were a little bit *verschimmelt*, we made *Rumkugeln* out of that, you know. So ever since then, I was very (???) by *Rumkugeln*, but it was very delicious, alright. Okay, now we get to the bicycle factory. My sister Magda worked for the *Wiener Konditorei*, and that *Seppl Strieker*¹⁷ from Vienna, she married 1944, that was one year before the end of the war. It was, you know, not a good time to marry, but he made money, he had a bicycle repair shop, he had his own nice room, very comfortable and all. So, when I was between engagements, which often happened, he gave me a job in the (???)¹⁸ bicycle repair shop. Oh, I was only there a month, a month and a half, haha! I got my fingers dirty. On top of the bicycle repair shop, there was *Doktor Silbermanns Sprechstube*, and his *Schwager* Lennard Jakobson, who was a dentist. And at one day...he had two girls, the young daughter Renate looked down, and you know saw this handsome guy, which was me. I had thick hair, and wavy, and a moustache. And she said to her older sister Therese, whom I married 55 years ago, looked and she saw a handsome guy down there. So we started going together and became engaged. She was in the ballet, she was a ballerina from about the age five or six, started in Berlin. He was friend with Käthe Kollwitz, who was a famous artist, nad he himself...you know, he was a doctor, but he played the role of Moses and Maimonides. He was short and had a hunchback, so he played the role of this famous Jewish scholar in the movies, and he was friends with many other artists. And Tessy went to ballet class, and when they came to Shanghai in 39...before we did, we came about March 39...she carried on, and she was accepted into Russian ballet, which was kind of a miracle, because the Russians didn't want to hire anybody but their own people. So for her to be accepted was quite something, so that's how I saw operas and all kinds of stage performances. Shanghai was a very cosmopolitan city at that time. And I remember, I saw "Il trovadore" sung in three languages, depending on what language the opera singers knew. One sung in the original Italian, the other sang in Russian, the other sang in English, that was typically Shanghai. So I got to see quite a bit of things behind the scenes. And then we got married, on February 23rd 1947, there is our...here is some pictures we took before the wedding. This is the wedding picture, this is me before the moustache, with the big wavy hair, and this is Tessy, I'll give you that. This is our wedding certificate in English, from Shanghai, a copy of that, and here is our Chinese wedding certificate, the original was in colour, you know? You see the names right here with the witnesses. The Chinese believed in birds and bees and flowers, very colourful. One of the structures that we made, when I worked for Rabinowicz, was this apartment complex in Honkyu where we lived, and this is typical of Shanghai: The five people shown here are all of a different ethnic background. This in the distance is Father Sierra, the Catholic priest, whose mission financed this building. Then the Greek business agent, my boss Gabriel Rabinowicz, the Chinese contractor who built the building, and myself. And that was, where I was involved in a lawsuit, where the woman complained. This is the backside of the building. I was involved by designing *Gitters*, grills, the windows. By law, in Shanghai, all the ground floor...so in this country, the bottom floor was the first floor. In China there was the English system, you see, so this would be the first floor there. And the reason for all these fancy grills on he first floor windows, because there was all the theft going on. The Chinese would take a bamboo pole and go through a window at night. It was so hot, the windows were

¹⁴ Wort nicht sicher verstanden, Anm. AP

¹⁵ Wort nicht verstanden, Anm. AP

¹⁶ Wort nicht verstanden, Anm. AP

¹⁷ Namen nicht sicher verstanden, Anm. AP

¹⁸ Wort nicht verstanden, Anm. AP

open, and they would steal things while people were sleeping. I once saw on the Nanking Road, a very busy main street in Shanghai, a bicycle rider riding by a bus. Again, the windows open, he reached in and grabbed a hat from a passenger and put it on his head and drove off. And this was very common, there were so many examples of theft. This contractor, the Chinaman, he actually died after he'd lost a large amount of money. In China, they have a kind of a posthume...I think it's shown here...yeah, a long *Kaftan* like...buttoned on the right side, okay. Inside was a jacket with a breast pocket. He put a large sum of money in here, and put a safety pin over it. He was riding on a bus, crowded bus, and the thief...you know I had this explained later...they take a coin and sharpen it to a razor's edge, put it between their fingers, and with the bus going and the people, he works his way through, slit the bottom of the pocket, the money dropped to the floor, and the thief picked it up and got away with it. So that's one way of a (???)¹⁹ that is a result. From 43 to 45 we where in a ghetto, because the Germans, who were partners of the Italians and the Japanese...by the way, in World War One, Italy and Japan were on the other side! So they asked the Japanese to put us in a ghetto from 43 to 45. Well, we...most of us already lived in the ghetto. They called it a ghetto, but we didn't move anywhere, they just made a imaginary line around that, and the people living outside that area, like the (???)²⁰ concession, the international settlement, the refugee Jews, they had to move in, because after Pearl Harbour, that was December 8th 1941, the Japanese occupied all that. I was going to work, or planned to go to work on that day, to Rabinowicz, and when I came to the Garden Bridge, which was guarded by the Japanese...I saw the Japanese military detachment from the back. They were standing, waiting to occupy the territory which had been free of Japanese. And before that happened, I tried...I wanted to join the Shanghai Volunteer Corps. There were many foreign detachment in cities like Nanking and Thienzing²¹ and others. In Shanghai there were Scandinavian detachments, but all had the British uniform, you know, the British style military clothing. It was a Jewish detachment with the Star of David, and my boss was a member. And I, as a young guy, very much wanted to be a soldier, you know, guns and things. So he sponsored me, and I got a uniform, cap, the boots, you know, and the whole thing, and a rifle and a long bayonet. And I went to training, you know, I never had one week's training. They said "Take the bayonet", and woom, and put it in the rifle, a British Enfield rifle. And when the Pearl Harbour, you know, in Hawaii happened, all these different detachments were disbanded. The Shanghai Volunteer Corps was actually founded after the Boxer Rebellion 1900, to protect the foreigners, the women and children. So, they did exercise and they were...they marched, and I wanted to be part of it, but less than two weeks. Then I went home from the training, without the rifle, the rifle and the bayonet was left there across the Garden Bridge in the Japanese occupied territory. There was a Japanese soldier standing guard in the middle of the Garden Bridge. And the bus always had to stop, and all the Chinese had to get out and bow before the Japanese, because every soldier represented the Emperor Hirohito. I, as a foreigner, did not have to do that, I stayed in the bus, but the Japanese soldier looked inside anyway. They saw me with a British uniform, you know...we didn't do anything, and when I got home, I was told to return everything. No more Volunteer Corps. So that was my short career as a soldier of two weeks.

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¹⁹ leider nicht verstanden, Anm. AP

²⁰ Wort nicht verstanden, Anm. AP

²¹ Ortsnamen nicht sicher verstanden, Anm. AP